

The

Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.



School Record

March, 1941.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 68.

MARCH, 1941.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

M. AUSTIN, J. BRIDGMAN, J. PLESTERS, STEWART.

Notes and News.

In the December issue of the *Record*, the number of pupils in attendance was given as 248. Actually by the end of term the 250 mark was reached and passed. This term, it will be observed, there has been a further considerable increase in our numbers. Two forms in the Middle School now contain more than forty pupils each.

New prefects this term are J. Reynolds, M. Wells, J. Bridgman, F. Evans, J. Peeler ; Farquhar, Goode, Houghton, Rippling on, Smith, Stewart.

The football captain is Houghton.

On December 17th a very entertaining Costume Song Recital was given to Forms Lower IV and upwards by Mr. Peter Upcher.

The usual end-of-term carol concerts were organised by Miss Smye on December 17th and 18th.

Hockey colours were presented last term to P. Cresswell (2nd time), F. Evans and M. Barker.

We regret the omission last term from the list of Old Scholars at colleges of the name of K. Darby, who is at Lichfield Theological College.

Miss Sylvia Atkinson is this term taking classes in Greek (classical) dancing.

In afternoons Coventry have also the use of such classrooms and laboratories as they require in the new block, while from a quarter to four the whole of the school buildings are available for them. For games, the school fields would obviously not stand the strain of any more use, and further, the position would be complicated owing to Coventry's playing Rugby football. Fields have therefore been secured in the neighbourhood for their games.

Acknowledgments have been received from Dr. Barnardo's Homes for children's gifts sent in December, and from the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund for silver paper and tinfoil.

Term began on Wednesday, January 15th, and ends on Thursday, April 3rd.

School Register.

VALETE.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| *Champion, E. M. (VI), 1939-40. | Bird, M. M. (Low. V), 1936-40. |
| *Hansell, V. J., (VI), 1935-40. | Timewell, H. M. (Upp. IV), 1938-40 |
| *Midlane, J. R. (VI), 1931-40. | Meadows, E. I. (IIIa), 1940. |
| *Rutter, P. H. (VI), 1928-40. | Partridge, A. J. (IIIb), 1940. |
| *Stanley, C. A. (VI), 1935-40. | Partridge, G. T. (IIIb), 1940. |
| *Webb, R. G. (VI), 1935-40. | Pearce, A. M. (IIIb), 1940. |
| Quiney, L. M. (Upp. V), 1934-40. | Fisher, M. J. (i), 1940. |
| Spiers, I. A. (Upp. V), 1936-40. | Sharp, S. G. (i), 1940. |

*Prefect.

SALVETE.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Allsop, A. G. (IIIb). | Johnson, M. E. (Low. IV). |
| Asbury, J. (IIIb). | King, M. (IIIb). |
| Beard, J. M. (Upp. IV). | Lucas, G. R. (IIIb). |
| Betterton, B. W. (Upp. IV). | Lyon-Smith, E. M. (Rem.). |
| Bower, C. M. (i). | Maskell, A. P. (IIIb). |
| Carver, L. S. (i). | Maskell, R. A. (IIIb). |
| Coldrick, O. M. (IIIb). | Metcalfe, W. M. (Low. IV). |
| Crisp, W. D. B. (Rem.). | Morgan, P. R. (IIIb). |
| Crump, K. D. (Upp. V). | Pace, E. T. (Rem.). |
| Draysey, D. W. (Upp. IV). | Richardson, Z. M. (IIIb). |
| Gardner, D. F. (ii). | Rymell, S. M. (IIIb). |
| Haines, D. P. (Rem.). | Smith, J. Y. (i). |
| Horton, M. W. (i). | Tuckey, J. E. (IIIb). |
| James, P. B. (IIIb). | Vizor, M. E. (Low. IV). |
| Jeary, L. N. (Low. IV). | Wilkes, S. K. M. (IIIa). |
| Jeary, G. A. H. (Low. V). | Wilcox, B. E. (IIIb). |

OMITTED LAST TERM.

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|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Palin, A. M. (Low. IV). | Sharp, S. G. (i). |
| Prosser, P. J. S. (i). | |

There have been 267 pupils in attendance this term.

On February 5th, three Ministry of Information films were shown to an audience composed of members of Forms VI, Upper and Lower V. A collection for the Spitfire Fund was started by a gift of five dollars sent to the School by an American well-wisher. A sum of £5 16s. 3d. has been realised.

A lecture to explain the scope of the new A.T.C. scheme was given to senior boys and a number of Old Boys in the History Room on January 17th.

Owing to heavy falls of snow and consequent transport difficulties, only a very small number of pupils attended school during the week commencing January 20th.

This term we welcome Miss M. E. Moore, who joined the Staff on January 27th.

We wish to acknowledge the gift of books to the library from Janet Hill, Mary Wells and Mary William.

Half term was Monday, February 24th.

As a result of the announcement in our last number of the evacuation of a part of King Henry VIII School, Coventry, to Alcester, several inquiries have been received as to the arrangements made to accommodate the visiting school. Naturally, it has been no easy task to fit two schools into one building without the sacrifice of a certain amount of school time. But it has been managed, though we find ourselves at times rather short of classrooms—for some periods, indeed, classes have to be taught in dining room, hall and even staff rooms—and all have by now become accustomed to the new state of affairs, accepting the small degree of discomfort as part of our share in the national effort.

The two schools work entirely separately, each with its own Staff. We have handed over to Coventry the former library downstairs for office, the Sixth Form classroom upstairs for Staff room, and the Woodwork room in the playground for a classroom (our own woodwork classes being now once more taken at the Centre in the Priory). In the mornings Coventry use the dining room as a classroom until twelve o'clock, when they change over to IIIa classroom to allow the tables to be prepared for dinner. For the rest of their morning classes they have the use of the Town Hall and the Baptist Schoolroom, the Junior School being accommodated in Arrow Village Hall.

Old Scholars' Guild Reus.

PRESIDENT—Mr. C. T. L. Caton.

HON. SEC.—R. B. Biddle. HON. TREAS.—H. T. Hewlett.

The Christmas Reunion of the Guild was held at School on Saturday, December 21st. Despite the fact that "Jerry" chose that particular night as the occasion of one of his heaviest "blitz's" on ———, and, indeed, had been making himself quite a nuisance during the preceding week, a very representative gathering assembled. The programme commenced with a concert produced and presented by the committee and a few friends from the Universities, and this was thoroughly enjoyed. The Secretary would like to take this opportunity of placing on permanent record his thanks to those Old Scholars who devoted the whole of a valuable week of their "vac" from the Universities in helping to prepare the way for this Reunion.

The Concert ended at 9.0 p.m. with carols (a feature strangely lacking in recent Christmas Reunions) and the audience dispersed and reassembled in the Dining Room for supper. While this was in progress the business meeting was held, the principal points being a discussion between those in favour of two reunions yearly, as at present, and representatives of those who had asked that only one reunion be held yearly during the war. It was practically unanimously decided to carry on as at present. The question then arose of the formation of a committee to look after the newly-formed memorial fund to the memory of the late Miss Deans. This was left in the hands of Mr. Caton and the secretary, and is now being done.

After the business meeting the party again adjourned to the Hall, where dancing, to the music of Messrs. C. Rook and L. Spiers, and games, organised by Diana Hunt, became the order of the evening and continued until midnight, when one of the most enjoyable reunions of recent years came to an end with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and "The King" in the traditional Old Scholars' manner. Mr. Caton was thanked by the secretary for his untiring energy and help in the running of these reunions, and Mr. Caton suitably replied to the accompaniment of heavy thuds from bombs, which were still falling thickly in the distance. And this ended the third reunion since the outbreak of war.

As mentioned above the subscription list for the "Edith Deans Memorial Fund" is now open, and donations should be sent to Mr. Caton, or the Secretary.

Old Scholars who were not at the Reunion are asked to note that supplies of ties, squares and scarves are no longer available, their cost now being prohibitive. The committee will take the earliest opportunity of re-ordering when the prices revert to a more reasonable level.

The Annual Dance was held in the Town Hall, Alcester, on Thursday, February 6th. Dancing to the music of Sam Wiggett's White Rose Band, of Birmingham, continued from 8 p.m. until 1 a.m., and a very enjoyable evening was passed by about a hundred and twenty Old Scholars and friends. Financially the dance was also a success, and the Old Scholars funds benefited to the extent of about £5.

A further dance has been arranged for March 11th. Sam Wiggett will again provide the music, and the special lighting effects which unfortunately had to be omitted from our last dance will definitely make an appearance on this occasion. A very enjoyable evening can be assured. Tickets may be obtained from the secretary at 3s. 6d. each.

The football match versus the School XI was played on Saturday, December 14th, and resulted in a draw, both teams 'netting' once.

Finally, Old Scholars will be sorry to hear that Rose Bunting has been unable to play hockey this season on account of illness. All will join in wishing her a very speedy recovery.

Birth.

On March 1st to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brewer—a daughter

Marriages.

On October 5th, at Southport, E. Douglas W. Sore (scholar 1928—32) to Violet E. Nye.

On December 27th, at Inkberrow, An'on John Cadman to Barbara Greenhill (scholar 1924—33).

On January 1st, at Studley, Eric Anthony Gibbs to Nellie Hill (scholar 1915—21).

On January 30th, at Morton Bagot, William Henry Foster (scholar 1930—34) to Frieda Mary Sore (scholar 1930—36).

On February 10th, at Temple Grafton, James D. Sumner (scholar 1923—32) to Betty Irene Clark (scholar 1927—34).

On February 14th, at Northfield, Edgar I. Tiam Fook to Pauline Grace Field (scholar 1928).

With the Forces.

The following Old Scholars are now serving with the Forces :—

D. R. G. Gwynne-Jones, Wiltshire Regt.
I. A. Spiers, R.N.
A. A. Wright, R.A.F.

Jimmy.

As cats go, Jimmy goes a long way. He is the sort of cat that dear old ladies love to stroke and make a fuss of, until he whisks round and bites their fingers. The other day I opened the cupboard and it seemed to be full of him. A little later, on entering the dairy, I tripped over something and found that it was a joint of meat from which Jimmy had eaten a good fortnight's ration. Wherever he is his expression is always that of kittenish innocence, although he may be just returning from the scene of crime. He is very playful and one of his favourite sports is to hide under the table and suddenly pounce on and bite the ankles of unsuspecting persons, who venture too near.

Besides Jimmy, we have at home a little pekingese who is doing her best to live to a dignified old age. She spends her time sleeping the sleep of the just in her basket. But Jimmy cannot leave her alone; he constantly makes dives at her tail and bites it playfully. Of course a fight ensues and after a good many of these the poor little dog is blind in one eye.

The other day I heard a tremendous uproar in the sitting-room. I threw open the door and saw the bird-cage on the floor; the two little birds, with feathers ruffled, were cowering in the corner of the cage; the dog was running round in circles, barking madly, and then something slinked past me through the door. I recognised that retreating form as Jimmy.

JEAN BRIDGMAN (Upper V.).

An Appreciation.

The days are gone when, to take a child for a ride on a 'bus was to give it a new and exciting experience. Nowadays, at the age of five many children are experienced 'bus travellers, making journeys every day in a conveyance which would have filled their grandparents, as children, with amazement—and very probably with a good deal of terror too. So that, to the child at any rate, a ride on top of a 'bus has lost almost all its glamour. But strangely enough, the grown-up person finds the joy of a 'bus-ride increasing ; it is probably, of course, some highly unromantic fact, such as aching feet, or shortage of petrol, which makes the sight of a 'bus jogging into view such a welcome one. But I for one still believe that there is something that is romantic, and a good deal that is entertaining, about a ride in a 'bus. We are becoming communally-minded ; communal working, communal living, communal eating, communal sleeping, are becoming accepted as ways of winning the war, or are being forced on us by circumstances. What, then, has anyone to say against communal travelling ? To drive alone in a car to-day is almost treachery to the nation ; hail, then, the noble, the gallant, the patriotic, even if decrepit, omnibus.

The least friendly kind of 'bus is the town 'bus. Penny fares cannot strike up a very lasting friendship and everyone is either too tired, or in too much of a hurry, or too exhausted with the struggle to get on the 'bus at all, to create the atmosphere of a community. Nevertheless, there is a kind of camaraderie which reveals itself when the conductor drops a penny, or a soldier enquires for a certain building or street ; then the people in the front seats, hitherto rather aloof, become helpful ; the people in the middle seats, generally stout and heavily laden with shopping, become domineering, and the people in the side seats, their legs dangling foolishly or sprawling awkwardly, look sympathetic. The conductor, however, assumes control always, even if, now and then, matters get out of hand for a very short while. Conductors on town 'buses are genial but superbly efficient, and often cynical, but always completely masters of their own 'buses. He who is rude to a 'bus conductor has asked for all he gets in return.

At the other end of the list of 'bus species, is the long distance 'bus, or, properly, coach (*de luxe*). You can never ride in one of these without paying about five shillings for your fare. Moreover, these are no 'buses stopping every few yards, and designated by a mere number. They sweep majestically, through villages and country towns, from one great centre of population

to another, with names like "London," "Nottingham," or "Brighton" on the front, and piles of luggage on top. In these 'buses also, however, conversation between passengers, unless they are already known to one another, is not easy. People travel in families, or with friends, discussing private—and apparently very secret—matters at great length, with many a hostile glance over the shoulder to see if the people behind are listening. The people behind, in embarrassed efforts to show they are *not* listening, make some remarks about the weather or lunch, and a feeling of hopelessness comes over them. Here they are, traversing miles of country roads, and the scenery seems to have lost much of the interest it held at the beginning of the morning. Lunch seems far away, and breakfast further still; life is very depressing and the forbidden conversation in front sounds more enthralling than ever.

In country 'buses, however, you can listen to conversations as much as you please. You can join in them, too, if you feel so inclined. 'Buses which travel from one town to another, covering at most thirty miles at a stretch, are the pleasantest, if not the most comfortable 'buses to ride in. The long-distance coaches have luxurious seats, with springs of terrible efficiency, but country 'buses have the air of a country pub—everyone knows everyone else, and strangers are moderately welcome, providing they make themselves pleasant and not too conspicuous. In a country 'bus the conductor is not a benign despot. He is known to most of the passengers from infancy, and treated accordingly; in any case they never allow him to stop or start the 'bus just when he wishes. They jump up and down, stopping the 'bus for each other and seeing each other off and on to it; they make the driver blue with rage by insisting on being deposited exactly at their own doorsteps, and all this with a jovial but very determined air, treating the conductor all the time with a kindly tolerance, as a necessary part of the personnel but hardly as an asset.

'Buses, and especially country 'buses, afford endless entertainment, and the people who ride inside them provide most of the entertainment. But, like silk stockings and onions and other good and useful things in time of war, they are scarce. Their beauty and value should therefore be more fully appreciated; this then, is my tribute to the omnibus—to the heroic, the rare, the rattling, crawling, crammed-full, stuffy, falling-to-pieces—ah! but the *last*—'bus home. May it never be missed!

P. R. H.

Washing-up.

Why is it that everyone has such an intense horror of washing-up? Presumably ever since washing-up began it has been eyed with distaste, and I suppose it always will be. It is such an eternal sort of task which haunts one from breakfast until supper and then begins again.

The mediaeval house-wife had a labour-saving plate which must have saved a great deal of time. Her family used one side of the square wooden dish for dinner, and having licked that side clean, turned it upside down and handed it up for pudding. By this method the family must have done half the washing-up in the course of dining. The licking method might be adopted again to advantage in these days of rationing.

It always amuses me to see the newly-married house-wife set about her two cups, saucers and plates in the most business-like manner, complete with frilled apron and the very best soap-flakes. She wipes off each crumb with meticulous care and often calls in the help of her doting husband. Did I say everyone hated washing-up? Perhaps I was wrong, for it is often with great pride that the young husband shows off his skill with the dish-cloth.

A great contrast to this washing-up is that done by the small child before going out to play. This is a very noisy affair, while each article has a quick dip in the water and out, and what does not come off in the water comes off on the tea-cloth. There is usually a good percentage of breakages, and puddles of water to wade out of at the finish, while the crockery feels remarkably damp, even when stacked away.

To the harassed mother of six, washing-up is a great problem and an almost continuous job. It is comparable even to the washing-up at hotels. The "washers-up" at these establishments are very important people, I should imagine, but I am afraid that I would not like to choose washing-up as a life-time profession.

In my opinion, it is not the cups and saucers, knives and forks which are the worst—nor even the greasy dishes. No, it is the beautiful sticky pots and pans which I always view with a belligerent eye. Of course one should always put these things to soak when they are emptied, but somehow they too often get forgotten, and one has to resign one self to a patient rubbing round of a pot scourer and the scraping of one's nails against the rough bottom of a pan.

However, washing-up can be quite fun. If there are two people, some sort of a duet can usually be made to blend in with the clatter of the dishes, even if the audience would prefer pure

clatter. Still, I maintain that the motto "Whistle while you work," is quite helpful at times. But when all is said and done is not the sight of all the clean crockery fit reward for all labours done in getting them so? We, I think, may all agree with Rupert Brooke in saying "These have I loved, white cups and plates, clean-gleaming, Ringed with blue lines."

DOROTHY SAVAGE (VI).

A Fugitive from the Law.

On and on he raced, behind him a red-faced constable. The crowds of black-coated city business men turned in surprise at this unusual spectacle.

The fugitive was in no fit condition for the chase. His feet were cut and bruised, his coat mud-stained and ragged. His breath came in short pants and his throat was parched and dry. He had had no food for two whole days, not a morsel to keep body and soul together. Who could blame him for attempting to grab that slice of juicy ham from a butcher's counter?

Brakes screamed and drivers shouted as a 'bus narrowly missed running over this vagabond dashing across the street regardless of traffic lights and pedestrian crossings and equally oblivious of the warning shouts of the motorists. Down side streets, round corners he swerved, the policeman always on his heels. At last he stumbled and paused breathless and gasping, to be grabbed by the collar and dragged off to the police station by the strong arm of the law.

At the station, sitting before the inspector's desk, was a young lady, overcome by tears. The inspector said, "We've had no news of him since this morning, when he was seen near the park." At this point a constable rushed in mopping his perspiring brow with an outsize in red-spotted handkerchiefs. "I've found him sir," he gasped. "Got him red-handed, I did.—At least, I think it's him, sir." After mopping his brow again he said, "I put him in a cell, sir, seeing he's a thief. Just to keep up appearances you know, for he seems a nice chap. I'll let him out for the lady to see, sir."

The cell door opened and out bounded the prisoner, straight into the arms of the sobbing young lady, covering her with damp, doggy kisses.

"You'll have to pay for that ham he stole, miss," put in the constable, "and have his name and address put on his collar in future." He added in a more genial tone, "Nice little dog, though, ain't he. Always was partial to spaniels."

J. PLESTERS (Lower V).

Schooner Hesperus, 1941.

Late of the Schooner Hesperus,
That once sailed the wintry sea,
The skipper at home with his daughter sat,
Too old for the Royal Navy.

And there in the gloaming sitting,
She questions continually
Of the happenings in this country,
Since their return from sea.

"Oh, father, I see a gleaming light.
Oh, say, what can it be?"
"'Tis neglect on the part of our neighbour's black-out,
For it's plain for all to see."

"Oh, father, I hear a wailing sound.
Oh, say, what can it be?"
"'Tis the siren sounding the 'All Alert'
To fetch out the A.R.P."

"Oh, father, I hear the sound of thuds.
Oh, say, what can they be?"
"'Tis the bombs the enemy are dropping around.
Let's go to the shelter," said he.

"Oh, father, I hear the sound of guns.
Oh, say, what can they be?"
"'Tis the anti-aircraft guns at work,
To shoot down the enemy."

"Oh, father, I hear the sound of a drone.
Oh, say, what can it be?"
"'Tis our Spitfires driving the raiders home,
Way out across the sea."

"Oh, father, that wailing sounds again.
Oh, say, what can it be?"
But her father answered never a word,
For fast asleep was he.

And through all our cares and troubles,
No matter what they be,
The moral is, Pull together
To make sure of victory.

CYNTHIA SAINSBURY (Upper IV.).

Going to It.

"First of all, tell us all your faults." The speaker, a Rural Dean, slight, eager-faced, with a thatch of silvered curls, threw a swift, penetrating glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows. There was something warm, even whimsical about the grey eyes which softened the somewhat repelling severity of his stiff white collar. One could not help liking him.

The faces grouped around the committee table were elderly, kindly, refined. There was in them too the homely dignity of the English village where, from the days of Chaucer, squire and labourer, parson and ploughman have met together on equal terms as freeborn Englishmen. Country tweeds, flat brogues, good felt hats of neutral tones perched insecurely on serene brows which bore the unmistakeable stamp of "good works" carried on in patience for many years—all this in the hushed half-light of ancient cloisters completed the "Sunday afternoon" atmosphere one associates with meetings of an ecclesiastical nature.

The business in hand was not a Group meeting. We were not concerned, as you might have imagined, with "sharing pasts." Nor was it an American third degree; it was simply an interview for a new job in social work. For me it was nerve-racking, like waiting to start an examination. Could I "pull it off?" Silence surged round me. Committee members leaned across the table to scrutinize me. They seemed far away in a fog. I felt dazed.

I have never indulged in critical self-examinations, though I am sure they can be turned to good account. Personally I find them too depressing. Now I was groping hopelessly for an imaginary list of my failings and could do no more than summon up repeated memories of being late for school, or losing books, or being bottom of the form in Maths, of being slipshod, muddleheaded, inaccurate. "What a pity" I reflected "my school reports are not here for them to peruse, or better still, my brothers and sisters with their ruthless, shattering criticism. What an account they could give of me!" But after all, I did want to get the job and I did not fancy grovelling like the Emperor who knelt barefooted in the sand before the palace of Hildebrand at Canossa; so with mixed feelings I threw out a humorous and colourful assortment of human failings in general, and at the end of the meeting, having secured the appointment as from April 1st, I went out to explore Winchester.

On my return home I volunteered for temporary work in Warwick. "So many of our Staff have been called up that we shall want you to come and do everything the clerks cannot find time to do." "They are worn out." My new employer, a small, dark, bird-like lady, spoke with decision. Girl typists of uncertain age and worried bespectacled men clerks hurried to and fro with note books and files through dark corridors, up winding narrow staircases, and in and out of stuffy offices. I don't know how much we all accomplish, but we contrive to keep ourselves always extremely busy.

On Saturday afternoon in Stratford, all the world and his wife still seem to take a holiday. The queue for the Shakespeare Theatre was there and as numerous as ever. Folk in the gallery queue eat stodgy buns now instead of sweets, and Central Europeans in khaki take the place of the more garish American tourists of pre-war days. There were people from every walk of life in this queue, gathered together to see and hear the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The English seldom produce musicians, but they do love music. We all pushed and jostled up to the door, hoping against hope to get in, and, of course, some of us suffered the same old disappointment of being turned away. "Full house." Never mind; it was good to know that the English masses who "go to it" all the week can still relax on sunny Saturday afternoons, and go in their crowds to enjoy the glorious music of a Beethoven or a Brahms. Certainly there was hope for the future.

OLD SCHOLAR.

Great Expectations.

Totally ignoring the principle "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing," as my birthday draws near I invariably begin to anticipate the number of presents I may receive. This affords much food for thought; no man ever filled in his football coupon with greater care than that with which I enter the names of "probables" upon my list. This is where anticipation proves dangerous, for if the number actually received falls short of my expectations, I feel aggrieved. (You see how frank I am in my greed).

This is the one time in all the year, saving Christmas, when I take up my pen of my own volition, and inscribe letters to relatives who I hope will prove generous. What excuse can I offer, save to say that it is hard to keep off the all-absorbing subject and hints may escape me unawares. If, on encountering relatives, gentle hints avail naught, it is best, O reader, to be frank and state your wishes clearly.

When the day arrives, such is my anticipation that I depart from my usual custom so far as to get up with speed. After a hectic race down stairs, I enter the dining room, breathless, with the all-important question trembling on my lips—"Where are they?" "Where are what?" says my sister in a disgruntled tone. (I suppose I cannot expect her to share in my enthusiasm). By this time I have glanced all round the room and have found them. The great moment has arrived.

Anticipation and feverish dread mingle together as I tear off the paper and string. Will it be something I want, or—woeful thought—something “useful?” If of the latter variety, it is hard to suppress a groan, even for the sake of politeness. My exclamations of disgust meet with reproof from shocked parents. But it is hard to resist another grumble,—She *must* have known what I wanted, because I gave a broad enough hint.”

Then once my hopes have been dashed or fulfilled, there is the task of expressing some measure of gratitude in a letter. Now, if one is feeling enthusiastic over the present received, it is easy enough to be grateful. But it is difficult to express emotion over anything as prosaic as a hot-water bottle—or smelling salts. And a lengthy dissertation on the virtues of the wretched article must be as boring to read as to write. As I think wildly of politely insincere adjectives to describe my gratitude, I inwardly vow that I will never again seek gifts from anyone. For apart from the bore of writing letters of thanks, there is all the tidying-up of string and paper to come. Alas for resolutions! Time dims the recollection of my labours, and a year hence my pressing thought will be—“Ask and you shall receive.”

M. AUSTIN (VI.).

The Crash,

Regardless of the terrible wind, I stood looking upwards at the black sky. I was watching an aeroplane rolling and tossing about the sky, out of control.

The sound of the engine came faintly above the roaring of the gale and instantly I could tell that something was wrong with the engine. The 'plane had little or no chance of ever landing safely. It was swept farther away from the landing ground every second. Beyond the landing ground there were trees and houses; I thought, what madness to fly in such weather.

There was suddenly a spluttering cough from the 'plane and then silence. One wing dropped towards the earth and then with nose down she dived out of control. A sudden gust of wind brought her on an even keel for a second and then, pitching and tossing, the 'plane dived straight for the roof of a nearby house. There was a crash and a blinding flash. I shut my eyes and when I opened them I ran towards the scene of the disaster.

I sorrowfully picked up my machine and examined the battered engine. My first model 'plane smashed on its first flight.

R. HUNT (Lower V.).

The Sixth Form.

The Sixth Form is undoubtedly *the* Form of the School, although this fact is not universally accepted, judging by the varied and peculiar opinions which have been expressed on the matter. We are undaunted however by the vile and malicious derision thrown at us and think what a glorious thing it is to suffer for the community.

It is but a very short time ago that two of the valiant Sixth braved the perils of the boiler-room. Mr. Ankcorn was unfortunately ill and nobody—including ourselves—knew how to manipulate the various levers and valves; but it was a case of either slowly freezing to death or taking a short cut to the next world via the roof; and after much discussion and consultation, we decided to risk the latter alternative. We soon discovered that it was not from excessive steam pressure that we were to suffer, but from fumes of sulphur dioxide liberated from the glowing coke. One boiler was quite cold and the fire beneath it out. We eventually succeeded in lighting it, after encountering much difficulty with the various controls. We also managed—although I know not how we did it—to keep the fire under the other boiler burning, and at this stage thought our troubles were over. Neither before nor since have we ever made a greater mistake. One look at the fire was enough to convince us that it would be going out in the very near future, and we rather foolishly thought that the reason for this was insufficient draught through the flues. We determined to remove the ashes and soon found that in order to perform this feat, it was necessary to obtain a long rake and apply it vigorously through the bottom door. Approximately two minutes later, we emerged—rather hurriedly, one might have thought—coughing and spluttering, and having the general appearance of a couple of millers. The final effort was easy, as all we had to do was to watch the pressure and temperature needles quickly mount, and it was with glowing pride that we cheerfully shovelled in the coke. From then on it was full steam ahead.

The reader should clearly understand that the Sixth—many of whom have notorious reputations—are really quite human at heart. This virtue is fully demonstrated on the football field. There is the case of one Sixth Former who became so enraged by a fellow member that at last he gave vent to his feelings and kicked the longsuffering contemporary well and hard in the mouth. Another Sixth Former so allowed his emotions to be played upon by a member of the Lower Fifth, that once he forgot everything else, rushed forward, clasped

the other tenderly and drew him gently to mother earth, while a certain leather sphere slowly rolled almost apologetically through the wide open space called a goal.

Of course the singing Sixth and the singing of the Sixth have been abused to an almost infinite degree ; but even though we may be out of time and tune, we are at least original, if not a nuisance. Sousa's " Stars and Stripes " and Heykens' " Serenade " have long been great favourites, and their execution has reached the perfection dreamed of by many ; while there is no doubt in anyone's mind that Elgar's " Pomp and Circumstance No. 1 " can be rendered like nothing on earth.

The Sixth also appear in the forefront whenever a lecture is given—at least the four handling the epidiascope do. Of course, with at least four opinions on the elevation of the beam, the focussing, and the correct method of inserting the slides, the running becomes rather complicated, and it is for this reason that nervous or highly excitable persons are never included among the four. Previous experience has shown that the length of the cable reaching from the plug to the instrument is just sufficient and no more. Consequently whenever someone cannot see, or gets cramped and decides to move, things generally happen, much to the annoyance of the lecturer and audience.

As in every other Form our members carry peculiar and strangely enough, very befitting nicknames. Notable among them are the " poor mut," and our own dear little Lu-Lu and Ada, while anyone can ask Horace on Himself. Until lately we had a " great oaf " in our midst and unfortunately he is no longer with us, but in spite of our irreparable loss we still have our Mummy and our little bit of heaven—the Curtain Angel.

ANON.

On going to the Dentist's.

Had there been room the title of this article would have been " On going to the dentist's, but not having a tooth out." The reason for this curious statement I will now explain.

I had felt twinges in the tooth for some time and I knew that it was hollow, but never having been to a dentist before, I did not relish the idea of having it extracted. I pictured dentists as cruel men of the Hitler stamp, who would try to cause as much pain as possible when pulling out a tooth. It was for this reason that I put off the fateful visit.

It was on a Friday when I first felt the terrible pain in my tooth ; I could not concentrate on my work and when I got home at night, the only relief I could find was to groan out loud. This system of comfort was not altogether acceptable to the other members of the household and, as the pain became worse, I decided to pay a visit to the local dentist. I rode down the road with a lightened heart, knowing that soon the cause of all my misery would be residing in some drain or other. But I was doomed to disappointment, for on knocking at the door I learned that the dentist was not at home. I sighed and turned from the door. That evening I was not able to do any homework, but on going to bed my toothache eased and I fell asleep—obviously a case of “After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.”

On Saturday morning I awoke with the same pain gnawing at my jaw and made a resolution to go to a neighbouring market town and find a dentist. I called on one dentist, where I was informed that I could not be dealt with immediately, but was asked to call later. I then visited another dentist who told me that he could not possibly take me. When I went back to the first one I was shown into a sumptuous waiting room ; presently someone came in and said that the dental surgeon could not see me that morning as he had to get home for his dinner. I went into the street and made my way to the only other dentist that I knew of, but after hammering desperately on his door for a full five minutes, I concluded that he was out.

With a broken heart I walked out of the town intending to return home in the same manner as I had come. On the outward journey I had been lucky enough to get picked up by a fast lorry and whisked into the town at sixty miles an hour. I trudged on through a blinding snowstorm, trying in vain to stop a car, but no one would give me a lift ; probably they thought that I was a tramp. Eventually I was picked up by a farmer. (Can I claim to be the only person to ride in a farmer’s car at his invitation ?) After travelling thus for a mile I was dropped and had to walk another mile until I saw a lorry coming along. By this time I was soaked to the skin and climbed thankfully into the cabin, which however, was worse than the open air, if anything, for water was pouring through the roof in all directions. When the time came to put me down the driver, who was a cockney, looked at the road and said “There ain’t ’arf a lo’ a wa’er ’ere.” I could have told him that there could not be more than in his cabin, but I refrained from doing so, and thanked him for the lift. I came home thankfully but still with the tooth in my head.

After suffering unimaginable agonies I managed to beg a lift into a certain city, and there I found a dentist only too ready and willing to take my tooth out, for he extracted two and stopped two. Oh ! what unbelievable pain I underwent as that man ground at my teeth with a drill. But the main thing was that I was purged of my pain and although I had to walk five miles through the snow, change 'buses twice and beg a ride on a lorry to get home, I think that it was worth while.

INCENSUS DOLORE DENTIIUM.

Day Dreaming.

I was stewing in my office
One scorching, cooking day,
The air was hot and stuffy
And I was far from gay.

I was so very sleepy
That soon to sleep I went,
And dreamt I'd gone to Polarland
So far away from Kent.

I was bathing in the Arctic,
The snow was falling fast ;
The icebergs too were sailing by,
And penguins often passed.

The sea seemed cold and shivery,
To me it was great fun ;
The Northern Lights were sending
Their rays to everyone.

There was a bang ! so suddenly,
I'd fallen off my stool ;
To find it had all been a dream
And I was far from cool.

JUNE HUMPHREYS (Lower IV.)

I could a Tale unfold.

"Five paratroops landed at Market Battle last night. Do you think the invasion has started?"

"Oh, I don't know. But my uncle says his friend who is in the Home Guard has to report at the police station every day. They are having secret instructions."

Such conversation is familiar to everyone nowadays. It is a good illustration of the blindness and credulity of the human race in times of stress. An analysis of rumour reveals interesting characteristics which may surprise us, though we are all subject to them in a greater or lesser degree.

You know what happens. There was an air raid warning last night. The milkman says he heard there was a 'plane over Market Battle way. The maid, who has heard her mistress talking about moving into the Midlands in case of an emergency, and who is thus living in an atmosphere of slight nervous tension, immediately jumps to the conclusion that something unusual occurred. So she tells the cook that she thinks a parachutist must have landed. It is cook's afternoon out, and by the time she has arrived at her sister-in-law's for tea she has made up her mind that some paratroops have been dropped, and consequently she has something interesting and important to relate.

Rumour is what the psychologists call a "group response;" that is to say, rumours are shaped to a large extent by the various social forces acting upon the individual. So you find first of all the almost uncontrollable impulse to pass on any unusual story you have heard. Each individual, moreover, unconsciously influenced by a desire to increase his own prestige, tends to elaborate the tale and add a few details which will make it more unusual and exciting. So the parachutist is put in, and rapidly develops into five paratroops. Again, it is more impressive, and you are more likely to be believed, if you make a definite statement of what has happened, instead of qualifying it by "the milkman says," or "I heard that." In the same way, all rumour tends to display the characteristic of assigning events to definite places. So it sounds far more convincing to say that this happened at Market Battle than merely "somewhere in the district." Then again, how much more interesting you will sound if you can say that someone you know personally was there at the time, or is connected in any way with the happening. "My uncle's friend" immediately assumes an importance which is reflected upon you as you speak about him.

Situations most favourable to the growth and spread of rumours are those of an unusual and often slightly alarming or exciting type. Rumour flourishes, too, when it is not possible to verify some of the factors concerned. The incident related must be of interest to the people to whom it is told. The content of a number of rumours current at the same time is usually determined by the circumstances of the moment. So after an earthquake most rumours for some time will be connected with the earthquake. A rumour may be caused by wish fulfilment. If a week before the summer exams a whisper goes round that for reasons of national security all schools are to be closed within the next few days, you may be sure it will be seized upon and expanded by all kinds of interesting details.

The ghost of Hamlet's father, no doubt, would have thoroughly enjoyed himself had he had the time and opportunity to unfold his tale. Next time your best friend tells you that ten incendiaries fell round his house last night, question him closely on the source of his information, and listen carefully to the different versions of the tale you will hear for the next few days. The results will interest and perhaps surprise you.

H. D. H.

A Pavement Artist.

He was sitting on a small stool, a little wizened old man with a club foot. A slate propped by his side announced that he was crippled during the last war. A large box of chalks of various colours and a small pile of slates completed his equipment. On different slates were drawn a salmon, a view of a street, a swan and an aeroplane.

It was a cloudy day, with a touch of mist and quite chilly. I asked him if he was cold but he replied, "Nope, me circulation's good, but it looks to me that we'll 'ave rain." Hardly had he spoken than there came a drop of rain which quickly developed into a downpour. I ran for the shelter of a shop screen; he "stayed put" and pulled out an old umbrella and rigged it up. But before he could save his sketches the rain had wiped them out. The shower of rain stopped as soon as it had started and the man pulled out his slates and started to draw on them again, and as I went past he said, "It ai'nt bin the first spot o' rain I've bin in, S'long!" Then he returned to his sketches with a snatch of song.

WILKES (Upper IV.).

Olla Podrida.

Which genius in the Lower Fifth discovered that Q.E.D. stands for "quite easily done"?

Neptune, says P.M.C., was Cupid's mother.

H. W. states, "We poured the solution through a fil'cted paper."

He was riding, translates D. G., on a horse wearing a smock. Was it a clothes-horse?

Unguinibus ora secat, says E. A. A., means "the sea-shore cuts off from the toe-nails."

"So you have condensed to come in at last," remarks J. L.

To be or not to be.

We are pleased to observe that A.G.S., in common with the Home Guard and Mr. Winston Churchill regard "this invasion business" with true seriousness. Any invader penetrating the outer defences of Alcester itself should meet with a reception as clearly hostile as the painted and labelled blockades are obvious. We refer of course to the military air (faintly removed from camphor) which now, so often, pervades the school.

The jealously guarded shrubbery has, for years now, withstood the vigorous onslaught of tennis balls, so the outer defences of the fort should remain intact in the face of a very determined attack. If, however, these should fall the coal cellar could be easily arranged to form a pitfall for the unwary intruder into the buildings and so check any advance from the town approaches.

We may assume, therefore, that the main position of the defending force will be concentrated in the region of the new buildings and since, here, the enemy will have to advance over more open country our comparatively small force should suffice to protect this end, and the rear of the buildings, from any unwarranted intrusion. The precise nature of the method of defence will depend, of course, on the numerical strength of the attackers and the ability of the defenders and their commanders to do and say the right thing at the right time.

The classrooms may, we have no doubt, be safely left in the charge of their normal occupiers, save those required for field duties. It is accepted without question that long practice has

National Savings.

On February 28th the grand total collected by the boys' and girls' groups amounted to £460, which was only £40 short of the total aimed at.

The membership of the girls' group was 102, a percentage of 75, and of the boys' group 70, a percentage of 60. From these figures we can see that we have still a long way to go before we can be satisfied.

When it is considered that the above amount is only sufficient to buy 70 rifles or 5 machine guns we realise that our present rate of saving must be increased.

We hope that parents will help us to attain 100 per cent. membership by encouraging their children to become 'savings conscious' and so contribute to one of the most important parts of our National Defence.

Savings made now help the Government, but will most certainly help the saver in the days after the victorious conclusion of the war.

The popular sixpenny Savings Stamp has been reinforced by the half-a-crown Savings Stamp now on sale everywhere to everybody. Don't hesitate! Join the army of savers.

Savings days are Tuesday for girls and Tuesday and Friday for boys.

Debating Society.

CHAIRMAN—Miss Evans.

COMMITTEE—

M. Goodall, P. Cresswell, Houghton, Spencer, Collins
and Arnold i.

HON. SECRETARY—Arnold i.

Owing to the difficulties caused by evacuation at the end of last term it was decided by the Committee that a debate should not be held until the Spring Term. A meeting was held on February 27th when the motion was "This house is convinced that the guilty men of Europe should undergo the extreme penalty." The principal speakers were Spencer and Farquhar for the proposition and P. Cresswell and Arnold for the opposition. The subject was not on the whole adequately thrashed out owing to some misapprehension of the issues involved. A number of maiden speeches however showed promise, and a few humorous interludes enlivened the proceedings. It is hoped that another debate will be held at the end of term.

R. H. A.

rendered these portions of the buildings able to be barricaded both quickly and efficiently. Desks, rulers, ink-wells, books, compass points, these are all war-weapons whose trustworthiness has been proved in many a skirmish, and if Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton why should the Battle of Britain be lost in the corridors of Alcester?

That all-important position, the Orderly Room, could be situated either in hall or in the dining-room, though the betting is strangely in favour of the dining-room, since such a great authority as Napoleon must have had some grounds for his assertion that an army *always* marches on its stomach, and in any case most of the heavy furniture from the hall would be most probably commandeered to act as anti-tank defences. The art-room would be suitable as a last point of defence if all else fails and, if suitably hung with specimens of "Art through the Ages," or "The Efforts of Former Pupils," would act as an unfailing inspiration to the defenders and a certain deterrent to the attackers.

We may, therefore, rest assured that no effort will be spared by these our untiring defenders to ensure the handing on of the glorious traditions of the A.G.S., untarnished by a dishonourable transfer to enemy hands, and that if the invader should come he will not pass us by. Up the Warwicks!

P. H.

The Holiday.

I woke up with a start. It was eight o'clock, and my 'bus went at half-past. Jumping out of bed I started to dress, but I was in such a hurry that I put my tunic and stockings on inside out.

Eventually, however, I went downstairs to find that the puppy had chewed my shoelaces beyond recognition. As, only the day before, I had bought a new pair, and put them in I felt rather annoyed. After a thorough search through drawers I found a pair of rather dilapidated looking laces. When I had safely installed them in my shoes, I made an unpleasant and startling discovery that I had about ten minutes in which to eat my breakfast. About five minutes later the breakfast was no longer visible to the eye. Then my mother came in and said, 'Haven't you forgotten that you had a holiday to-day?' and added, "and that was not your breakfast; it was your father's." I went back to bed, and stayed there till ten o'clock.

JOAN HORSEMAN (Lower IV.).

Spring-Cleaning.

The excitement shown by the Upper Fifth over a forthcoming debate had certainly over-reached its mark. Propaganda had been raging viciously during the previous week and posters, both for Proposition and Opposition, were distributed in various parts of the form room. The subject was being discussed every spare moment, and the blackboard was adorned with a considerable amount of decoration, in which Hitler was by no means having it all his own way. The abundance of litter, however, was also scattered over the floor, and this eventually led to the need for spring-cleaning.

All would have been well had not the cleaner been absent, but, unfortunately the room was found in the same condition in the morning as that in which it had been left the previous evening. The authoritative decision was, that classes could not be taken in the room in that condition. Questions followed. The girls were turned out, some to stand in the corridors and wait, while others were sent to tidy up three other rooms and also to dust them. The boys equipped themselves with dusters, sweeping brooms, dust-pans and wet cloths, and obediently went to work in the class-room.

Spring-cleaning began and the form-room proved quite an attractive spectacle to those who were in the corridor. (I was not one of those, although you may be led to think so). The clear-up commenced with the blackboard, and a cloud of dust made the atmosphere even worse. Desks were moved, here, there and everywhere, and the floor received a good brushing. Heads were continually to be seen bobbing up and down between the desks, and the waste paper basket was soon filled to overflowing. While brooms were being swished vigorously to and fro, and the last touch was given by the appliance of a wet cloth to the part of the floor which had suffered most, the place was becoming more and more respectable, and the commotion gradually subsided. The girls had also finished their spring-cleaning by this time and so we all re-assembled.

Though flushed and ruffled, I am quite sure, if the question, "Are you downhearted" had been put to anyone, the reply would certainly have been "*No*." Everyone carried on cheerfully and the day passed without further incident. One advantage, no doubt, had been that each one of us had had a little extra practice in housewifery, which may come in handy one day.

E. HENSON (Upper V.).

¶ Fly a Fighter.

I put on my flying kit, had a cup of cocoa and climbed into the cockpit of my 'plane. I warmed up the engines, signalled to my pals in the other two 'planes and the mechanics pulled the blocks away and——we were off.

We cruised along at about three hundred m.p.h. setting course for the Channel. Our orders were to intercept any enemy 'planes that might be about. We were about ten thousand feet up when a formation of nine enemy aircraft was spotted.

Suddenly through our wireless we heard a lot of chattering ; somehow we were on the same wavelength as our enemy. This chattering went on and on until——suddenly we heard one word which we understood : a very foreign voice yelled in great fright, " Spitfire ! Spitfire !" and then the wireless went dead. Then we knew that we had been spotted. I thought—"Ah ! this is where I do my stuff" and I murmured to myself " England expects." So immediately I put my 'plane into a dive and came up underneath the enemy formation. I could see out of the corner of my eye that my pals had done the same.

Now started the glorious scrap—the Jerries took fright and scattered, so really we had quite an easy job.

I got on the tail of one and let go with my gun, and I could see the bullets ripping into the fuselage—then I felt like shouting for joy, for my enemy suddenly took a steep dive and the last I saw of it was it disappearing into the sea. I turned to see how my pals had got on, and between them they had seriously damaged another of the Huns and the remaining aircraft were making for home as fast as they could. Well ! what more is there to say than that we returned to our base with one in the bag and ourselves undamaged.

OAKLEY (IIIA).

Signs of Spring.

We can now realise that spring is coming. If you look carefully at the trees you can see the buds forming. The catkins are now cut, hanging down and swaying in the breeze. The pussy willows are also out looking very pretty with their silvery heads. The bulbs and plants are shooting up and showing their green leaves. The snow-drops are hanging down their frail heads, the crocuses are beginning to show their yellow and purple heads. The aconites are out in the ditches, and the daffodils are beginning to unfold. If you go walks you may sometimes see a little lamb frisking about in the fields. All these are signs of spring.

JEAN PADDOCK (IIIB.).

Scouts.

SCOUTMASTER—Mr. E. S. Walker.

This term activities in the Troop have been curtailed owing to the weather. In spite of this however, considerable progress has been made, especially among the Junior Scouts, many of whom are well on the way to their Second Class. Morse signalling has been the major part of the work done, and many of the Scouts have already reached a high standard of efficiency both in sending and receiving messages. It is hoped that the Senior Scouts will continue to work hard for proficiency badges. An investiture of Tenderfoots was held on Friday, March 7th.

A short service was held on Friday, January 24th, in memory of the late Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, in which the Scouts renewed their promise. Many Senior Scouts attended a service held in Alcester Parish Church on the following Sunday.

W. J. M.

Cadet Corps.

Since the beginning of term the Corps has had constant practice in squad-drill, and considerable improvement has been made. A platoon sergeant, and four section leaders, with the rank of corporal have been appointed. Most of the Cadets now possess complete uniforms, and the first full dress parade was held on January 31st, when the C.O. carried out an inspection. We now have an adequate number of rifles for drill purposes; when these had been thoroughly cleaned Mr. Compton instructed the Corps in arms-drill and the sections are now busy acquiring proficiency in this branch of training. It is hoped that in the near future a rifle range will be set up. Throughout the term the Cadets have shown keenness and displayed a fine "esprit de corps."

R. H. A.

Football.

CAPTAIN—F. Houghton.

Despite the loss of two of its members at Christmas the 1st XI. has maintained a satisfactory standard of play. The defence has proved itself very steady, but the forwards failed to make the best of their opportunities in front of goal.

Unfortunately, the first fixture this term, against Redditch, had to be cancelled owing to deep snow. The following week the team narrowly lost against Evesham, the score being 3—4. At half-time the school was losing 4—0, yet in the second half

the team played extremely well and soon scored 3 goals. It was a pity that the team did not at least draw for we had most of the play. In the match against Redditch, the team had to contend with a larger and decidedly superior team and consequently lost fairly heavily. The first home match was against Bromsgrove, and although it was a keenly contested game the team was unable to avert a defeat.

The following have represented the School :—Mahoney, Houghton, Walton, Sheppard, Bryan, Rippington, Collins, Goode, Lucas i, Hunt i, Smith, Emery, Arnold ii, Yapp, Hillman.

Results :—

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 3—4.
v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—4.
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost, 2—3.
v. Kings Norton (home), won, 3—0
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), drawn, 1—1.
v. King Henry VIII G.S. (home), won, 6—1.

Sides match :—Brownies 5, Jackals 2; Brownies 3, Tomtits 1. F.H.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—P. Cresswell.

As the Spring Term “crowds to maturity” the thoughts of tennis evolve. Soon hockey sticks will be abandoned in some remote corner and the field will become, until next Autumn, a scene of energetic “learners” of the summer game.

The passing season has been favourable to hockey enthusiasts. We have been fortunate in having Miss Philips as Games Mistress and under her skilful guidance we have proved victorious in three out of the seven fixtures already played. The weather has not greatly restricted operations although the fall of snow in the New Year resulted in the cancellation of a fixture with Bromsgrove C.H.S.

While on a visit to Studley College Miss Philips and the hockey eleven were shown over the College grounds, which proved stimulating after a rather terrifying result. This occasion also marked the introduction of shorts, blouses and long stockings as the official hockey costume.

It is proposed that this term in place of sides matches a series of inter-form matches shall be played. This has previously proved very successful.

Of the matches so far played the results are :

- A.G.S. v. Redditch (home), won, 5—2.
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—7
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), drawn, 4—4
v. Old Scholars (home), won, 4—3
v. Studley College (away), lost, 2—9.
v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), drawn, 2—2.
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won, 2—1.

The following girls have represented the school during the season : B. Aspinwall, M. Barker, J. Blakeman, J. Bridgman, E. Champion, M. Cheffins, P. Cresswell, M. Crompton, F. Evans, B. Francis, J. Hansell, B. North, M. Moizer, P. Midlane, G. Spencer, J. Taylor, M. Wells. P. M. C.

For the Juniors.

An Exciting Morning: by Puppy.

I woke up feeling very very excited and prancy. I jumped out of my basket and ran round the room twice without stopping. 'What ever is the matter?' said my master. 'I think he wants to play,' said his father. I had my breakfast, an enjoyable one too. After breakfast my master David took me for a run in the sunshine in the fields. 'We will go to the farm, shall we?' said David. I wagged my tail and that meant 'Yes.' So we went to old Mr. Green's farm and looked at the animals. That was just right for me for I could run and chase them. Most of all I liked chasing the ducks and chickens. I went into the barn and rolled amongst the hay. My master David did not know I was there. He was by the pool looking at the tadpoles and beetles.

It was grand fun. Soon I heard David calling for me to come I dashed out of the barn to where he was. He said, 'Come on, old chappy, it is dinner time.' And home we went.

ANNE RUTTER (Remove).

When I Grow Up.

When I grow up I will be
A sailor, and sail upon the sea.
When I grow up I will be,
A miller upon the lea.
When I grow up I will be
A dockyard man, and stand on the quay.
When I grow up I will be
A French teacher, and say "oui-oui."

DAVID HUNT (aged 8) Form II

The Squirrel.

Sammy Squirrel once lived in a hollow tree with his mother and father and little sister Molly. One day Sammy said, "Mother, I am going to get some nuts as it is autumn." "Yes you can," said mother. Then the naughty squirrel went to Mister Whisker's house and went to his store cupboard and got Mr. Whisker's nuts. He put them in his wheelbarrow and wheeled them home to mother, who said, "Where did you get them?" "Out of Mr. Whisker's cupboard in the beach tree." "Well," said mother, "You are clever. Now then, go to bed. Good night."

D. ROSE (aged 8). Form ii.

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE.
HIGH STREET.
